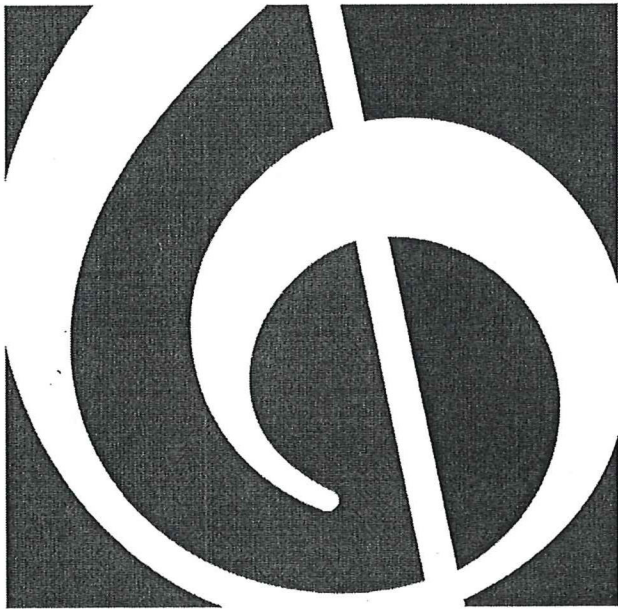


CD 2001--82/83

FACULTY *of* MUSIC



2001-2002

WHERE GREAT MUSIC MEETS GREAT MINDS

Tuesday, October 16, 2001, 8 p.m.
Walter Hall

University of Toronto
Faculty of Music

Presents

Student Composers Concert

Programme

Kathreine Thomson

Calm
Rachel Pomedli, cello

Scott Good

fantasy etude - 1
John Farah, piano

David Stone

Stuzzicadence
Kari Lin, violin; Andrea Park, piano

Gavan Quinn

Text: Archibald Lampman

A Song
Catharin Carew, soprano; Gavan Quinn, piano

John Farah

Meditation for trombone and piano
Scott Good, trombone; John Farah, piano

Yuka Okunuki

Text: Stephen Crane

Songs
Introduction
1. Voices
2. Intrigue
*Andrea Kryski, Catharin Carew, sopranos;
Chris Mayo, clarinet; Michael Gambacurta,
Glockenspiel; Yuka Okunuki, piano*

Intermission

Constantine Caravassilis

Palleria

Michael Gambacurta, percusslon; Tammi Hensch, double bass

Dewi Minden

Summer Dance

Michael Gambacurta, percusslon; Tammi Hensch, double bass

Andrew Staniland

for solo violin #2

Elation Pauls, violin

David Eastmond

Original Folksong Setting for Brass Quintet

The Huron Brass: Eve Eracleous, Ted Clark, trumpets; David Huskins, Horn; Matt Banks, trombone; Alicia Broomhead, tuba

Brian Harman

Agitato for Brass Quintet

Dewi Minden, Lori Dyer, trumpets; Scott Wevers, horn; Brad Dickson, trombone; Ian MacKenzie, tuba

Michael Owen Pallett

Text: Ray Hsu

3 Poems

Literal

Anagogical

A Line Break

Kristen Mueller, soprano; Cecilia Lee, piano; Aidan Pendleton, viola; Rebecca Sajo, clarinet; Scott Good, Trombone; Gary Kulesha, conductor

Programme Notes

Poems by Stephen Crane

Music by Yuka Okunuki

Voices

Each small gleam was a voice

— A lantern —

In little songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.

A chorus of colors came over the water;

The wondrous leaf-shadow no longer
wavered,

No pines crooned on the hills

When the chorus of colors came over the
water,

Little songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.

Small glowing pebbles

Thrown on the dark plane of evening

Sing good ballads of God

And eternity, with soul's rest.

Little priests, little holy fathers

None can doubt the truth of your hymning

When the marvelous chorus comes over the
water

Songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.

Intrigue

Thou art my love
And thou art the peace of sundown
When the blue shadows soothe
And the grasses and the leaves sleep
To the song of the little brooks
Woe is me.

Thou art my love,
And thou art a storm
That breaks black in the sky
And, sweeping headlong,
Drenches and covers each tree
And at the panting end
There is no holy sound
Save the melancholy cry of a single owl
Woe is me!

Thou art my love
And thou art a tinsel thing
And I in my play
Broke thee easily
And from the little fragments
Arose my long sorrow
Woe is me.

Three Poems

Text by Ray Hsu

Music by Michael Owen Pallett

Literal

On the Third Day, it rained flowers
(It made her furious
That she could not mourn
Among the hyacinth puddles)
So she skulked about her window
Cleaning the cobwebs with her thumb

Her brother decomposed,
glued his eyes to the ceiling fan
as she spun about
and about
about
three days ago

there stood a mind
full of April soot, peeling
with grief that overflowed, coughing
like the plague, going
to the dogs, starving,
with their dishes shiny.

(he stormed about the house
as he remembered)

Anagogical

he said.

Nonsense.

You are obviously suffering from hysteria.
She left, unconvinced that he was helping her.

He wrote many books
Where there were no such things as simple
dreams
No, they were about sleeping with your
mother
Sleeping with your father
You couldn't eat a descent hot-dog without
betraying your innermost desires

Outside her window, Lancelot croaked
Tirra litra
Between the scattered flotsam of epilogue
If you say my name, I'm not there any
more

A Line Break

I have a hypothesis:
When people paused, their pause became a
series of dots, periods. End-stops,
one following the other, so...

Until three had manifested and congealed
upon the page
like a Trinity of children who play, bell rings,
they stop, line up:

Then as people got closer to God, like in this
century,
under his wary eye, the dots grew

Like the last of seven days, a God-like exhale,
And the dots bloomed, blew up, like flowers,
or like bombs, so:

* * *

And that was how we figured we would see
time passing.

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The Faculty of Music is committed to providing a stimulating environment in which its outstanding resources may support not only instruction of the highest quality but also the creation of new knowledge about all aspects of music. Since May 1, 1995, numerous academic priorities funded through the Campaign for the Faculty of Music have provided the means for our pursuit of this goal. We would like to thank all who have made significant contributions to our Campaign – generous donors, tireless volunteers and longtime supporters.

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